

The Evening World

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THE THIRD LOAN—AND LATER.

THE Third Liberty Loan of \$3,000,000,000 has been subscribed and oversubscribed. The figures as finally tabulated are expected to show a total of well over \$4,000,000,000, approximately one-quarter of which has probably come from the New York District, thanks to this city's eleventh-hour rally.

More important, however, than the proportional contributions of districts is the fact that the Third Liberty Loan is estimated to have been taken by 17,000,000 subscribers—much more than double the number in the First Liberty Bond issue.

In the district which includes New York the total number of subscribers is now thought to run as high as 4,000,000, as against slightly more than 2,000,000 for the Second and less than 1,000,000 for the First Loan.

This means that the Third Liberty Loan has got down closer to the people than either of the preceding two. It means that the Government can count on an ever increasing wideness of distribution for bond issues. It means that more and more Americans are taking a hand in this war and feeling themselves close partners with Uncle Sam in backing Army and Navy with the dollars needed to win it.

If the Third Liberty Loan has not been oversubscribed to the extent of two or even three billion dollars instead of one, remember that the people of the United States are by no means yet in their full war stride.

Remember, for one thing, that the Third Liberty Loan has been offered and taken at a time when business concerns and individual Americans all over the country are figuring how they can accumulate, before June 15, cash reserves sufficient to pay income and excess profits taxes amounting this year to a burden which could not have been measured or foreseen during the greater part of the period during which the incomes or profits now taxed were being earned.

The Treasury has decided it cannot permit payment of these war taxes, even with interest added, to be deferred beyond June 15.

Business will therefore make the best of it and get over the disturbances likely to be caused by the withdrawal of large amounts of money just before that date, with such expedients as it can devise.

That with this considerable handicap the Third Liberty Loan can still count a handsome surplus is due to the quickness and courage with which Americans adapt themselves to rapidly arising exigencies of any sort.

But in looking ahead and preparing for later demands the war must make upon the Nation, the Treasury will do well to devote careful study to the policy and methods by which a Government like that of France eases the load of taxes upon those less able to bear them, and by allowing obligations to the Government to be met in instalments extending over a number of months finds it possible to increase almost without limit the total of such obligations.

The American of modest means who bought a \$100 bond in the Third Liberty Loan took advantage of a gilt-edged investment opportunity that offered him 4-1-4 per cent. He knew he was sure of his money back again and more.

Nevertheless, the Treasury encouraged him to buy his bond on the instalment plan if it was any easier for him. And the immense number of \$50 and \$100 coupon books sold in the Third Liberty Loan drive bore witness to how widely the partial payment plan continues to be appreciated.

When the American of modest means pays \$100 of income or excess profits tax, he parts with the \$100 finally and forever.

Yet in this case the Treasury takes no step to make the separation one whit easier.

In the long run, mightn't it be able to count on him for still more if it did?

"Sturmpanzerkraftwagen" is German for war tank, according to a correspondent of the Paris Temps.

And that's about the way the German attitude gets over the ground, we gather from the latest reports of the enemy's broken-geared offensive on the western front.

Twenty-seven days and three hours from the laying of its first keel plate to its launching. Some speed on a 5,600 steel steamship! The New York Shipbuilding Corporation thus reminds the country that Atlantic shipyards haven't sent all the skill that was in them to the Pacific Coast.

Thrift Stamps next, please! Take them in your change today and get the habit of buying one every time a quarter turns up in your pocket. It's a joy to save when saving means also service.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The price of pork chops shows that the sword is not mightier than the pig pen.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

How sweet the wind of April blows when Sarah Jane wears silken hose!—Baltimore Sun.

Kicking a man after he is down is one way of making him get up—but it isn't always safe to do it.—Chicago News.

Many of the troubles that seem large to us are small ones magnified by too much thought upon them.—Albany Journal.

It's never too late to mend, and now, with an extra hour of daylight,

It's easier than ever.—Philadelphia Record.

Pessimists say optimism won't win the war. And the optimists know that pessimism won't even encourage success.—Toledo Blade.

Faith is the ability to get stung twice in the same place.—Binghamton Press.

The wise worm doesn't crawl out until after the early bird has eaten his breakfast.—Chicago News.

The trouble with some men is that it takes them so long to settle down that death overtakes them before they are able to settle up.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

We Got It—and Then Some!

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By J. H. Cassel



My Matrimonial Chances

Recording the Experiences in Pursuit of Love
by a Young Girl of Thirty

By Wilma Pollock

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Romance of the Wrong Young Man



PPOINTMENT of a new principal at our school caused no excitement until we saw the man in question. He was Roger Fleming, young, good-looking and charming. For days after his installation we teachers discussed him incessantly. I was the only one of all

who behaved sanely about him. Although I have at times overestimated the degree of my admirer's love for me, I certainly am not foolish enough to pursue them. They prefer to be the wooers, and I have always waited for them to make the first advance.

When the other teachers were behaving so childishly about Mr. Fleming, I remained discreetly silent. For which I was duly grateful afterward.

Mr. Fleming had not been in the school two weeks before he singled me out as the object of his attentions. The girls teased me unmercifully and called me "Mrs. Fleming." They even accused me of using underhand methods to lure our gallant principal. For not a morning passed without his spending at least half an hour in my room, playing with the children or talking to me.

He praised my work and sent beautiful geranium plants for the windows. He presented me with pussy-willows, jonquils and daffodils. He said he loved a pretty kindergarten

room. I knew better. He wished to win my approval.

But best of all was the caring for a man intelligently interested in my work. Married people with the same interests cannot possibly bore each other.

One afternoon we met in the hall as we were both going home. Mr. Fleming walked to the subway with me. I knew of course that he longed to come to see me and this seemed a good opportunity to pave the way for his courtship. He accepted my invitation to call, saying, "Delighted. Any time you appoint will be agreeable. I'm sure."

We decided on Friday evening at 8:30. I fairly sang for joy and my tired heart kept saying, "Never despair again; never despair again."

I was sure that if Mr. Fleming admired me so much at school, he would fall in love with me in my own cozy, though modest, apartment.

I prepared a dainty 10 o'clock repast, donned a girlish frock and waited for him in great excitement.

By 8:45, however, he had not arrived. At 9 o'clock he did appear. But he was not alone. He was accompanied by Mrs. Roger Fleming, his wife, heretofore an unknown quantity to me.

She was pretty and young and profusely apologetic for being so late. "Roger has been teasing," she said.

"Roger has told me so much about your work," said she. "That I feel I already know you. He adores children, especially his own two. You must see them. It was very kind of you to have us come, for I am anxious to get your advice about sending our four-year-old Eileen to kindergarten."

and after its conclusion induced the Washington authorities to open a training school for naval officers at Boston. In 1840, some years after the death of the founder of American naval education, a naval school was opened in the old naval asylum in Philadelphia, and here for a few years the midshipmen of the republic were instructed in the arts of warfare on the sea. The plan was so successful that it was decided to open a permanent naval academy. Annapolis, Md., was chosen as the site of the school, and there, over seventy years ago, the present United States Naval Academy was formally opened.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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IT was a lazy feeling day. Spring fever was in the air, and Mr. Jarr yawned as he entered the tonsorial atelier and made for the operating chair of Fred, the sporting barber.

"Well, what do you think of the Giants now?" asked Fred affably. "And lots of folks thought the National Pastime got a crimp put in it by the draft getting the young fellows. And how's the professor?" added Fred, with deep solicitude, for he was fond of Mr. Jarr and always treated him as an equal.

In fact Fred had once "given a panning" to a supercilious foreign operative in the place, who had objected because Mr. Jarr was Fred's particular customer and always waited for that expert. The slighted foreigner had remarked, "If you make a war widow of your war bride. But if you go in the navy you can get drowned if you don't get shot or blown up, and in the aviation corps you can get shot or you can fall. So natchery then two arms of the service has more appeal to a guy who likes the excitement of taking chances, like all good, young, red-blooded guys do. And if I was to die to-night," added Fred solemnly, "I could look old Angel Gabriel right in the face and say, 'Jazz on the old horn for me, old toad! For if I wasn't a good sport all my days, send me down among the blackbirds!'"

"You aren't so old, Fred. you could be a soldier!" "Tried, but they counted me out for flat feet," said Fred. "But I was a husky young fellow before I went to college—tonorial college—and took up this artistic career, living on tips and tied floors. Yep, I was a husky. Used to chew tobacco and fight after Sunday school and everything. If I was a machinist I could get in the army or navy, yes, or an electrician, flat feet or no flat feet. But they don't need barbers so bad they'll take me, because the American Army don't rely on winning this war by a close shave, or anything like that, you know."

"Well, I see you are wearing a Liberty bond button, anyway, Fred," remarked Mr. Jarr. "so if you didn't get a chance to fight the Germans you've paid for some powder."

"I see you done the same," replied the sporting barber. "and if I was shaving President Wilson I think I could tell him of a good guy to put in the front trenches. But I'll bet that guy would come back after the war with maybe a medal for setting up late. You know who I mean? My brother-in-law. Every party has its pest, every family has its bum!"

These remarks had not been without their chastening effect upon the German barber, especially as Fred, while uttering them, had advanced upon the crible of his friend with a bay rum bottle.

Fred had never informed Mr. Jarr of this contretemps for tact is a necessary attribute of the successful tonsorial artist. It is simply mentioned here to show that Fred's interest in Mr. Jarr was that which he held toward him more as a friend than simply a client.

"How's business, Fred?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he settled in the chair. "There ain't no such animal!" replied the barber. "What with all the young fellows going off to war, and

safety razors given away with a pound of tea, and good-hearted guys buying war stamps and Liberty bonds and shaving themselves, a guy who is in this business is lucky to make his cakes. Still, if I was a young fellow, I'd be off to the war. I think I'd be an aviator, or a sailor, though."

"Why so, Fred? The infantry and the artillery, even the engineers, are equally as gallant a service."

"I'm looking at it as a sporting proposition," replied the barber. "If you go in the army in any branch, the percentage is just so much that you make a war widow of your war bride. But if you go in the navy you can get drowned if you don't get shot or blown up, and in the aviation corps you can get shot or you can fall. So natchery then two arms of the service has more appeal to a guy who likes the excitement of taking chances, like all good, young, red-blooded guys do. And if I was to die to-night," added Fred solemnly, "I could look old Angel Gabriel right in the face and say, 'Jazz on the old horn for me, old toad! For if I wasn't a good sport all my days, send me down among the blackbirds!'"

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Every Woman's War Spirit

By Helen Rowland

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No Matter How Dark the Day, Nor How Disheartening the News of the Day, I Will Hold Tight to My Courage!

NOW is the time for every woman to flag her train of thought. And switch it onto the Right Track! Now is the vital hour for every woman to strike her colors—for success!

Now is the time for every woman to FIND herself—To establish for herself a philosophy which will strengthen her morale, her courage and her patience. For philosophy is the secret of morale, and it is MORALE which will win this War! Now is the time for every woman to say to herself—I will be STRONG!

Either I am a vital part of this country's war-machine—a COG in its wheels—or I am a CLOG in its wheels. There is no MIDDLE ground.

Either I am a staunch, eager worker, or I am a slacker and a shirker. I will DO whatever my hands find to do, with all my heart, and with all my strength, and with all my soul's devotion!

I will be CHEERFUL. No matter how dark the day, or how disheartening the news of the day, I will hold tight to my courage, and smile the smile of perfect FAITH into the eyes of all those about me.

No matter, even if HE should fall in the great battle, I shall not garb myself in depressing robes of woe, but shall smile down my tears and proudly pin my gold star over my heart—and go on WORKING. No shadow of my own sorrow shall touch another in this great moment.

I will be KIND! This is no time for petty spite and jealousies and personal grievances—no time for argument or hatred or bitterness. Not one ounce of MY strength shall be given to the god of RAGE, who is seeking to ravage the world.

With my eyes fixed steadfastly on the Star of Victory, I shall work on, hope on, "carry on," to the last day.

I will be FRUGAL! Not one penny of mine shall be frittered away on frivolity, or foolishness, or idle self-indulgence, while nations starve. Every penny that is mine is at the service of my Country so long as this war shall last.

For I know full well that in the final hour of victory all that I have cast upon the waters of humanity shall be returned to me a hundred-fold in happiness, and peace of mind, and self-respect, and joy of living.

I will be PATIENT. For I know that "Rome was not built in a day" and that no great thing was ever accomplished save by long, continuous, persevering, disheartening striving!

Why shall I expect miracles—knowing that there is but one miracle—The divine miracle of FAITH! I will be OPTIMISTIC!

I will talk victory, feel victory, think victory, live victoriously! My Faith shall radiate to all those with whom I come in contact! I will listen to no pessimists and kill-joys.

For the one thing that has done more than all else in the world to uphold the German morale through all these years of fighting has been the Kaiser's supreme, unquenchable faith in HIMSELF and his strange, incomprehensible Deity!

And shall I permit the Kaiser to outdo ME in faith? I should say NOT!

Shall I permit the German women who hung their wedding rings into the coffers of their Government to shame ME before my Country? Shall I drop my eyes before sad-hearted mothers or turn them aside guiltily when pallid soldiers from "over there" limp past?

Not I! For I am my Country's keeper—the American Woman! I am the Warrior-at-Home!

The Toss of a Stone

By The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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UPON what slender threads hang everlasting things! True as the Gospel! The romance of little things—what an interesting book they would make.

For instance, on the 28th day of July, 1732, a young Frenchman threw a stone at a tree. The stone hit the tree, but it had missed its mark. The chances are that the most thrilling page of human history would never have been written.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was loafing around the country estate of a rich French woman who had taken a strong fancy to him, and on the day in question he was strolling through the woods more than half dead with the "blues."

He had come to the conclusion that he was "no good" to himself or to anybody else and that the best and most graceful thing he could do would be to blow his brains out.

However this job of blowing one's brains out is no trifling, and the prospective suicide resolved to gamble a bit on it. Picking up a small stone that happened to be at his feet, he fixed his eye on a tree some little distance away and resolved that he would take a fling at it with the stone and that if he hit it he would brace up and live.

He hit—and lived, and the result of his living was the writing of the book that brought on the French Revolution, and with it the political, social and economic readjustment of the whole world.

In 1762, thirty years after he threw the stone at that tree in the park at Chambrey, Rousseau gave the world the "Contrat Social," and the "Contrat

Social" gave France the mighty upheaval that was to shake the thrones of all the kings and eventually make the whole world "safe for democracy."

For the political student there is no greater puzzle than this same "Contrat Social." Historically it is null; logically it is full of gaps and flaws and as a piece of reasoning it is a dismal failure; but it did the work, it carried the multitude. It made a new France, a new Europe, and in spite of the German Kaiser and his hordes, it is going to make a new humanity.

With truth it has been said that it was in Rousseau that polite Europe first hardened to strange voices from out of the cavernous shadow in which the common people moved.

It was Rousseau who helped to state the problem, who made men realize the important fact that there was a problem; who assailed in characters of flame the kings and the rich.

It was Rousseau who inspired a generation of men and women with the stern resolve that they would rather perish than to live on in a world where such things could be.

It is the spirit of Rousseau, which to-day stands behind the worried ranks of the Allies, mightier than all their armaments, stronger than all their cannon and bayonets, and against which the Kaiser's "mailed fist" shall never prevail.

If Hamlet is right when he declares that "there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow," then our only conclusion must be that all the providences together were directing the stone that Rousseau threw at the tree in Madame Warren's park at Chambrey.

Newest Things in Science

As a substitute for the grocer's scoop an inventor has patented a pump that lifts dry articles from their containers, which remain closed to exclude dust.

In an experimental way, at least, an Italian inventor's wireless apparatus transmits written messages, sketches, shorthand characters and various designs.

Cultural stations of the United States Bureau of Fisheries produced more than 5,000,000,000 fish and eggs in the year ending with June, a new high record.

Because many accidents have occurred when trains could not be stopped in time a London railroad terminal has been equipped with hydraulic buffers.

To make the opening in a folding automobile wind shield wind and waterproof when desired in the purpose of a recently patented celluloid attachment.

South African chemists have found that oil and its products can be obtained from the coal mined in Angola, which in itself has been a failure as fuel.

Operated by electricity obtained from a lighting circuit, a new machine weets, sweeps, scrubs and dries a floor over which it is propelled by human power.